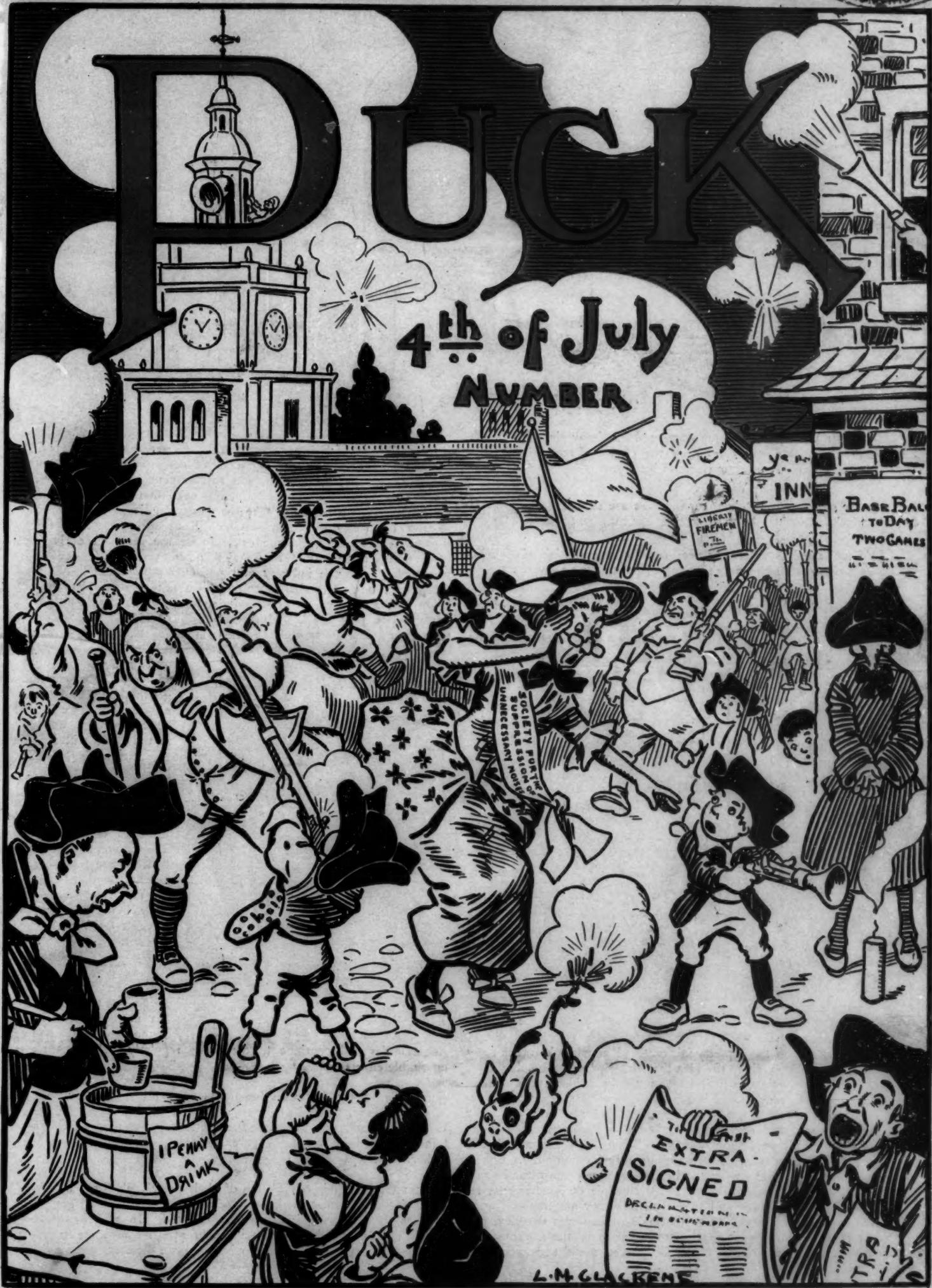


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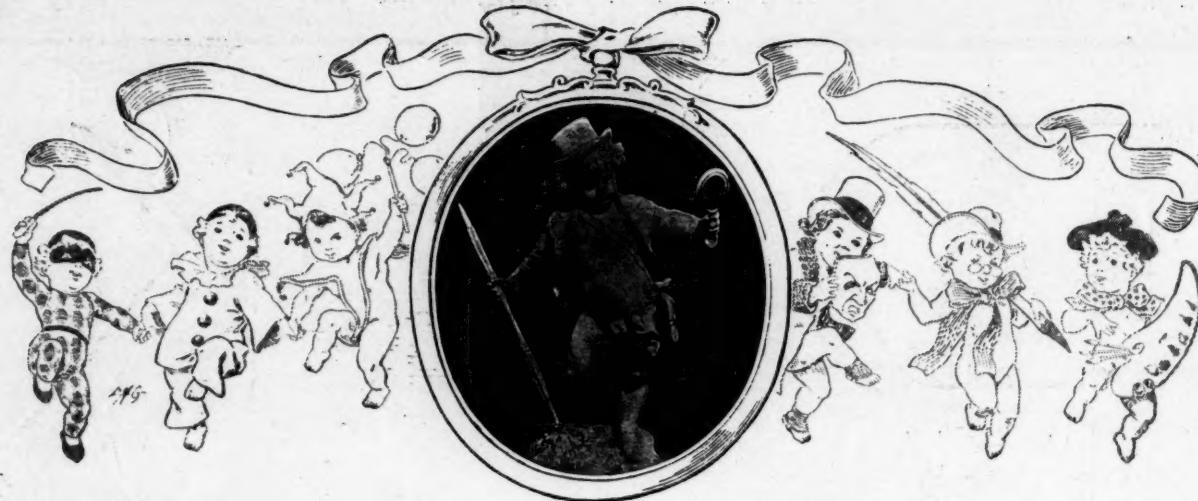
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THE FIRST FOURTH.



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A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

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### "What Fools These Mortals Be!"

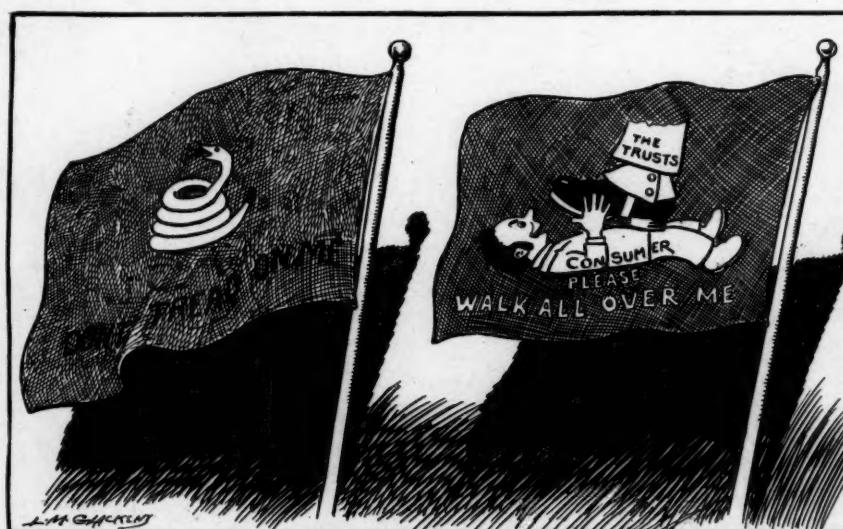
**E** AGAIN Mr. Peary has been suspected of discovering the North Pole. Mr. Peary has been the object of more unjust suspicion than any other explorer in history.

ACCORDING to despatches, earthquakes are shocking France. It takes an earthquake to do it.

IN DR. ELIOT's list of books necessary for the essentials of a liberal education we fail to note the Football Guide for 1909.

**W**HAT fools these mortals be.—we American mortals, all of us. We are so foolish in some respects, and so easily buncoed, that the act of depriving an infant of its candy looms large among the difficult feats when we stop to think of certain things. Take the little matter of the Sugar Trust, for instance. The Sugar Trust appears in two rôles at present: First in the rôle of a petitioner for continued tariff favors at the public expense. Second, in the rôle of defendant in a prosecution brought by the United States Government. The outcome of the Government suit cannot, of course, be foreseen, but the recent finish of a civil action, which the Sugar people preferred to settle out of court, suggests the probability that Attorney-General Wickersham has a pretty fair case. Enough is known, at any rate, to give emphasis to the idea that those powerful combinations of commerce which we call trusts not only bulldoze and flimflam the people of these United States into protecting them with an exorbitantly high tariff, but, not satisfied with that, let no opportunity pass to cheat and deceive the United States whenever a law can be broken or a regulation dodged. Some trusts accomplish this end by cheating devices in the weighing of their commodity. Others do it by means of the rebate and criminal agreements with the railroads. By all of them, seemingly, the people of America are regarded as fools, too stupid to realize how they are imposed upon and exploited. According to the code of common decency, one naturally would suppose that a trust, secure in the advantage of a big tariff bounty out of the public pocket, would endeavor to be

square and above board in its dealings with the public authorities if for no other reason than to express its appreciation of the favors granted it; but unfortunately the code of common decency is not recognized to any extent by these captain-generals of commerce. Their attitude toward the public lacks even that half-way saving sentiment, "It's a shame to take the money." If any one were to suggest diffidently that a trust which has played false with the Government should in justice cease to be the recipient of huge tariff favors there would be inspired protests, doubtless, against threatening American industry and particularly the sacred dinner receptacle; but, on the bare face of it, it is not an illogical proposition that a trust which persistently *won't* play fair should not be permitted to play at all. Most certainly it should not be allowed to prosper at the expense of the others in the game. A hog which is merely a hog can be tolerated, but a hog which steals should get the knife, and not a brimming trough. There is an admonition in the Bible with reference to one's proper behavior "when a man smite thee," it being written that to offer the other cheek is the correct deportment. This admonition we of America are following strictly to the letter, our only regret apparently being that we have n't a third cheek to offer.



THEN AND NOW.

single ladies will continue to contribute regularly to Tammany's charitable efforts.

**E**LIHU ROOT, JR., has won his first case. He proved that the injured lady, instead of being ejected from the Rapid Transit Company's cars, in reality got the bruises by bumping against a bundle carried by her aged parent. Elihu, Jr., is following in father's footsteps all right.

**I**N DEFENDING their repudiation of their party's platform, certain Democratic senators impressively mentioned their right to vote as their individual consciences dictated. In which case we should like to remind them that a certain type of conscience has invariably proven a decided disappointment as a dictator.

**TAMMANY** has given \$7,500 to a widow. As in the past, large numbers of unattached

# PUCK



RIDING THE CENTAUR.

RECENT DISCOVERY IN SOUTHERN GREECE, BELIEVED  
TO DEPICT AN ANCIENT INITIATION.

## NEW YORK.

(Or Chicago, for that matter.)

**T**HE CITY is cutting a street;  
The gasmen are hunting a leak;  
The pavers are laying concrete —  
They'll change it for stone in a week.

The builders are raising a wall,  
The wreckers are tearing it down,  
Enacting the drama of all  
The tale of our turbulent town.

And here is a church that is meant  
To stand for an aeon or more;  
And here is a gospeller's tent,  
And here is a grocery-store.

Our suburbs are under the plow,  
Our scaffolds are raw in the sun;  
We're drunk and disordered now,

BUT —

'T will be a great town when it's done!

Arthur Guiterman.



## SPEAR.

**T**HIS lion was in a terrible funk. "Dearest!" he quavered, running up breathlessly. "Get ready to move at once!"

The lioness clasped her cub to her bosom. "What is it, my love?" she faltered.

"The spear!"

All too well she knew what he meant, but the quality of hopefulness in her suggested a less gruesome alternative. "Perhaps it was a spear of some new kind of grass—no telling what Burbank has done, you know!" she urged.

"Anyway, it knows no brother—I gave the hailing sign of every order I know about, and got no response! Oh, oh! let us take no chances, but fly!" implored the lion.

With that his terror communicated itself to her, and scarcely stopping to gather up their belongings, they plunged yet deeper into the jungle.

**S**ome eat to live, and some live to eat, and quite a number are in society and eat because there's no other way to pass the time.

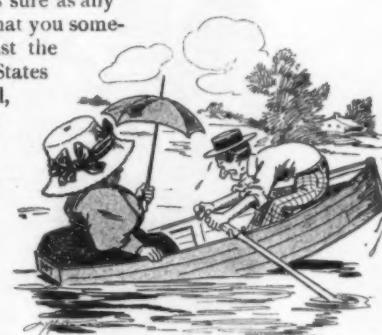
## WHEAT.

**W**HEAT is a plant, and whoever is at all conversant with the machinery of speculation knows what a plant is. There are many kinds of plants, variously successful in catching suckers, but wheat is about as sure as any to land the game. Contrary to what you sometimes hear, wheat doesn't exhaust the soil. At all events, these United States have been cropped and cropped, with no seeming diminution of the harvest. Wheat may be planted any time, there being a delivery every month. When wheat has served the main purpose for which it is planted, it is by no means thrown away, but goes to feed the world.

## THE OTHER SIDE.

**F**IRST FIEND.—Satan looks troubled. Who's been annoying him?

**S**ECOND FIEND.—One of the latest arrivals, a fellow who used to be a Board of Health examiner, claims to have discovered bacteria in the water of the boiling lake, and insists that all the water must be frozen before it will be fit for consumption down here.



ON PLEASURE BENT.



THE COVER PAGE.

## PUCK



ONCE UPON a time there was a Lady Authorine named Tessie Hamilton. She will be remembered by those compellingly realistic, humorous, pathetic, and illuminating little studies, "The Tales of the Tehama Pie-Bakery," which took the magazine world by storm four or five years ago.

Within a year after the manuscript reader plucked the first of Tessie's work out of the unconsidered pile, no hot-air announcement in a magazine advertising section was complete without a photograph of Tessie in the act of thinking. The *Bookfellow* had already printed a photograph of the pie-bakery and an interview with Pedro Baccigalupia, the original Pete the Pie-Baker, Tessie's most virile, vivid, and vital character.

One day, a few months after Fame had come, Tessie made a voyage to New York to see her publishers and to collect her luncheons. A select literary bunch met her at the ferry—Francis Wogglethorpe, head of the firm of Wogglethorpe, Bright & Co., who owes his success to the fact that he does his own literary drumming; William Parr Weeks, advance-agent of prosperity for *Nobody's*; Winston Wynne, author jollier for *Scribbler's*.

There followed a mad, gay week. Francis Wogglethorpe introduced this literary Alice to Highbrow Land by a succession of dinners where editors' wives and publishers' mothers talked interminably to her—though from insufficient data—of her stories. William Parr Weeks piloted her through Lowbrow Land. He introduced her to newspaper men, chorus-girls, prize-fighters, and bartenders. But it was Mr. Winston Wynne who really won her heart. Mr. Wynne gave her yellow breakfasts, pink luncheons, and magenta teas. He introduced her to Society. Mr. Wynne, moreover, had large dark eyes and harmonious clothes. He earned his enormous salary because he Understood Women. It was he who wrote those fascinating little notes, intimate—not too intimate—by which Tessie's first work was discovered for *Scribbler's*.

At the end of the second week Tessie was unexpectedly interviewed by a woman reporter—a little shabby, a little hard. She came to write up Tessie for the book page of the *Saturday Era*. When she had ascertained if the Lady Author had ever been in love, if she believed in divorce, and what her religion was,



**CONGRESSMAN FIERCEFAKER.** — Take off the duty on lumber, and one of the grandest industries in my home town that the sun ever shone upon will fall to rack and ruin!

the conversation grew personal. "I used to write for the magazines myself," said the reporter.

"Under what name?" the Authorine asked politely.

"I was Kate Kennedy, author of 'Tales from a Pickle Factory,'" said the reporter.

"Kate Kennerly!" cried the Authorine. "Why, I was brought up on your work. What—what ever brought you to this?"

"I worked the bonanza for all she could assay while the boom lasted," said Kate Kennerly, "and then I busted. The public got tired of pickle-girls, and so did I."

"But why didn't you flash another streak of local color?" Tessie asked. "To tell you the truth, I know no more about pie-bakers than anybody could get from studying the outside of the shop. I've often thought of taking up gum-factory girls, or car-conductors' wives, or society, even, when the pie-bakers run down. I could do one as well as the other."

"Of course you could," responded she who was Kate Kennerly.

"But, my dear, take my advice, and don't think of trying it. As soon as your pie-bakery dope begins to get thin, you'll go in, as I did, for something else. But you'll find it won't do. They'll keep asking you why you don't turn out something as good as the pie-bakers. (Give us another of those delicious

studies of Pete—you are at your best there.) My dear, you might be Hall Caine, Edward W. Bok, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Maurice Maeterlinck, and Henry James all rolled into one—they've got you locked in the pie-bakery for keeps."

"It's a charming prospect," said Tessie. She looked very thoughtful.

"It's the truth," said she who was Kate Kennerly. "When the purple notes begin to pale, come to me and I'll try to find you a place in my shop. Sometimes my space string is twenty dollars a week."

That very afternoon a messenger-boy brought her a note in the refined hand of Winston Wynne. It was his petunia day. All Winston Wynne's days were attuned to one color. On his petunia day he wore petunia hose to match a figured petunia tie, his mixed suit showed a petunia twill. He wrote on petunia paper with petunia ink and sealed it with petunia sealing-wax. It read:

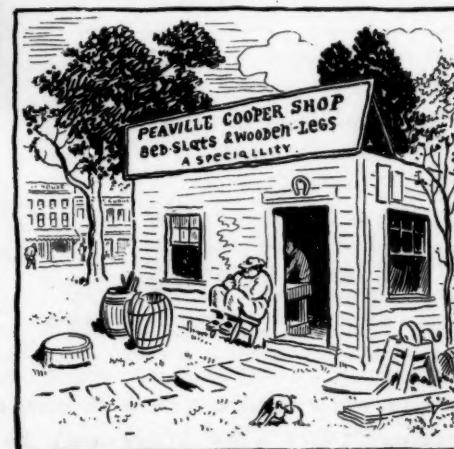
MY DEAR MISS HAMILTON:

You'll forgive me, won't you, if I write with frankness, with almost brutal frankness, indeed, about "Pete and the Pelham Apples"? But it's foolish even to ask this. I know in advance that you will forgive me. I feel your answer. We have just had an extended conference in the office over your latest sketch. You always put so much of the charm of your own personality into whatever you do that, for a time, this very—aura, I call it—blinded us to some insuperable defects. We have built so high on your work, and you have set such a stunning pace for us that we don't feel like offering anything to the public that falls short of your *very best*. Won't you try again? And, remember, we expect first sight

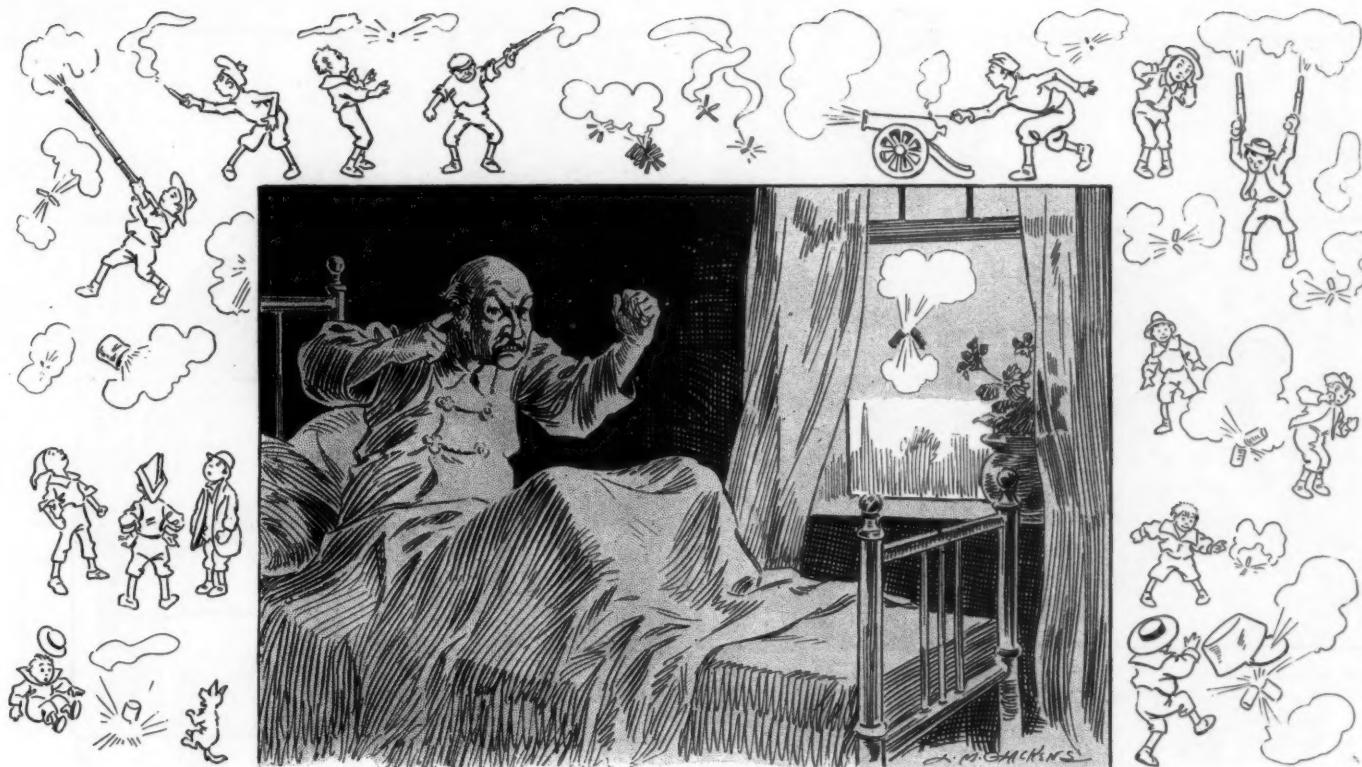
of everything you do, no matter how inconsequential it may seem to you.

May I not reconstitute that little luncheon party of last Monday for some day early next week? Then I may be able to explain to you more fully what we consider the basic flaw in "Pete and the Pelham Apples." But there—I know you will understand.

Faithfully,  
WINSTON WYNNE.



## PUCK



THE MORNING OF THE GLORIOUS.

FOUR O'CLOCK AND ALL IS H——!

Tessie Hamilton sat up late that night for a long session with her note-books.

"The bonanza is certainly worked out," she said, at last. And the lips of the fair young girl set in a look of iron resolution.

"I'll do it!" she muttered.

That day Tessie Hamilton disappeared from New York. That day she

died to the magazine field. The most brilliant jollies by mail provoked no answer. After a time even the jollies by mail ceased, for a new lion was loose in the literary jungle, and the pack of copy-hounds was in full pursuit.

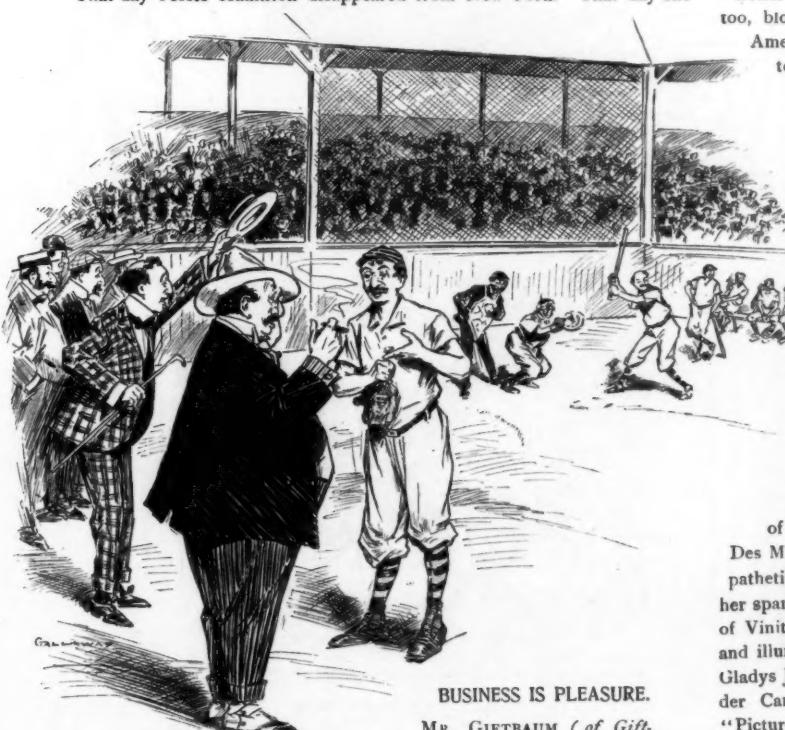
Down in Peru, Ind., they had discovered a Miss Mabel Dougherty who, as the author of the compelling realistic, humorous, pathetic, and illuminating "Boiler Factory Idylls," became the sensation of the literary world. She, too, blossomed in the magazine announcements. She became one of America's promising young authors. She could not be induced to send to any editor or publisher a picture of herself—she wrote that she held old-fashioned notions about publicity. The copy-hounds made grand literary capital out of this point.

Realizing at the end of a year that she had the material for a book, *Scribbler's* sent Mr. Winston Wynne to Peru in search of Mabel Dougherty. She was not there. At her boarding-house he learned that she had been a very quiet person, that she must have decamped on the day of the receipt of the letter proclaiming his visit.

Small time was there for Winston Wynne to ponder this mystery. For that very week the manuscript reader plucked from the pile a "Tale of the Ticket Takers," by Helen Gleason of Des Moines, Ia.—a compellingly realistic, humorous, pathetic, and illuminating piece of work. She, too, ran her span of a year and a half, and faded into the light of Miss Eleanor Swett of Vinita, Oklahoma, who wrote compellingly realistic, humorous, pathetic, and illuminating "Stories of the Cucumber Patches." There followed Miss Gladys Jones Wellington of New Orleans, La., with "Sketches of the Chowder Camps;" and Miss June H. Nickerson of Scituate, Mass., with her "Pictures from a Mosser's Life," all compellingly realistic, humorous, pathetic, and illuminating. But I fear that you have guessed the secret.

For now, whenever you hear a noise like a young George Eliot bursting into the literary world, keep cool. It's no rising star of American letters—only Tessie getting discovered again.

Inez Haynes Gillmore.



BUSINESS IS PLEASURE.

MR. GIFTBAUM (of Giftbaum's Bargain Bazaar).—Vot iss der

matter mit our team, Goldberg? Dey can't bat worth a cent.

CAPTAIN OF GIFTBAUM NINE.—Ach, dey can't get deir mindts off der peezezz. Dey make nuddings but sagrifice hits!



FIREWORKS:  
A SET PIECE.

*If applause makes a man think he's a lion, he's an ass. If it makes him think he's an ass, there's a chance of his being a lion.*

### TREATING.

"Won't you step up an' jine us in a glass o' ginger pop, Si?" said Bill Granger, generously, to old Si Hayes at the Cross-roads store.

"I just sold a six-weeks' old calf fer nine dollars, an' don't mind being a little

reckless. What you say to a ginger pop?"

"Much oblieged, I'm sure, Bill," said Si, "but the fact is, ginger pop ruther goes to my head, an' I better let it alone."

"That so? Well, what do you say to a glass o' soddy? Like to have you join me in something?"

"Well, Bill, soddy sort o' stings my throat an' makes me sneeze. But if you're bound to stand treat you might git ginger pop fer the other boys an', if it's all the same to you, I'll take fi' cents' wuth o' ten-penny nails. I come in to git a few fer a fence I got to fix, an' if you'd as soon I took the nails as a drink, I'm agreeable."

"All right, all right, Si. Anything to keep the baby quiet, as the sayin' is. Here, Mr. Storekeeper, you do Si up fi' cents' wuth o' nails an' take it out of this quarter!"

M. M.

"I'M SORT O' thinkin' about — eh-heh! — marryin' again," said Uncle Totterly, who was old enough not to know better. "A han'some young wife

ADVICE.

"General, how do you — Par-e-dong, but I not spik se English." "General, how do you — Par-e-dong, but I not spik se English."

THE AMERICAN IN NEW YORK.  
MR. HENRY HICKS OF IOWAY VISITS CENTRAL PARK ON THE NATION'S BIRTHDAY.

kind o' brightens up a home, and — beh! beh! —"

"Well," grimly replied the Old Codger, "all the advice I can offer you is to select one that will look well in black!"

### BITES.

"OF COURSE," we exclaimed, witheringly, "you don't take two bites at a cherry!"

The fellow hastily consulted his Busy Man's Manual of Modern Mastication.

"Two? Forty-seven!" he rejoined enthusiastically.

The cherry, it seemed, was looked upon as by no means the most digestible of fruits.

### FAVORITES.

"WHAT ARE YOU going to put in there?" asked his wife.

"Peas, dear," replied the man with the trowel. "Say, if you're going into the house, bring out a can with you. You know—the kind we had for dinner yesterday!"

### SENTIMENTAL.

"WHAT in the world have you got that bill framed up there for?" we asked.

"Oh, that," signed the millionaire, "is the only dollar I ever earned!"

We understood.



PUCK



SUCH SYMPATHETIC MEN!

SHE SAID SHE BURNT HER HAND.



FIRED WITH A  
PURPOSE.

PHILADELPHIA.

ANY news from Philadelphia is good news, because it indicates signs of life. The news of the car strike, therefore, comes as the warm spring sun upon a hibernated ground-hog. If the car strike was a bad thing in itself, cheer up—it may lead to something brighter. If it was a good thing, so much the better. The shame is not that Philadelphia is the worst-governed city in the United States. That is true of many cities.

The shame is that Philadelphia doesn't seem to care. The shame is not that Philadelphia has the worst school system in the United States. Many cities have that. The shame is that Philadelphia traces its ancestry so far back that it pays no attention to what is happening in the present. It has kept its good old stock so pure that it has quit blooming and gone to seed. It has found the cradle of liberty altogether too comfortable, and acquired a bedridden mind. Philadelphia, therefore, may well congratulate itself upon anything that happens to bestir it. Cases are on record where the whole course of men's lives was changed by collisions with hornets' nests.

Ellis O. Jones.

THE MORNING AFTER.

MOTHER.—What's the matter with Johnny, this morning?  
FATHER.—He has a dark-red-white-and-blue taste.

AIRSHIP GOSSIP.

"HOW IS IT she doesn't manage to get along very well with her husband?" said the porch lady.

"She says he's too slow. He always wants to be pottering 'round the United States in an automobile."



IN METHUSELAH'S TIME.

OFFICE BOY (to comic artist).—Just take a seat; the editor will be out in a couple of days.

*When the wolf comes to the door, the stork generally flies in at the window.*



THE PUCK PRESS

NOTHING LEFT BUT



FT BUT A STATUE.

## PUCK

### THE SOCIAL AT MRS STANG'S.

(The function is well under way. There are sounds of revelry by night. Little CLARENCE TANNEHILL TITTLE, Mrs. TITTLE's unlicked cub, having secured a broomstick somewhere, proceeds to slash OUR PASTOR across the left shin with it.)



Mrs. TITTLE (a widow of means).—Clarence Tannehill, don't do that!

OUR PASTOR (who has a marked inclination in Mrs. TITTLE's direction).—Don't chide the little fellow, Sister Tittle; boys will be boys, you know.

THE VILLAGE CYNIC (within himself).—Well, I suppose our Pastor needs the money.

MR. EZRA STANG (a worthy but somewhat lumpy gentleman—husband of the hostess—muttering, as he hitches at his collar).—Mum-mum this mum-mummed thing!

Mrs. STANG (hissing).—Ez-e-ra! How you mortify me!

(Little CLARENCE TANNEHILL TITTLE blunders over a hassock and jumps squarely on OUR PASTOR's pet corn.)

Mrs. TITTLE.—Clarence Tannehill, don't do that!

OUR PASTOR (diplomatically concealing his agony).—The little fellow is so full of animal spirits, Sister Tittle.

THE CYNIC (judicially).—I can see how that kid is hoarding up trouble for himself.

MR. STANG (muttering ominously).—Hod-durn this mum-mummed collar to gosh!

Mrs. STANG.—Ez-e-ra! How you mortify me!

(CLARENCE TANNEHILL TITTLE, in hobby-horsing around the room on the broomstick, cracks OUR PASTOR on the other shin.)

Mrs. TITTLE.—Clarence Tannehill, don't do that!

OUR PASTOR (with the bland smile of a hyena).—The little fellow is so fun-loving, Sister Tittle.

THE CYNIC (internally).—It's a long worm that has no turning!

YOUNG GIRLS (in chorus).—Oh, please do, Mr. Smack!

YOUNG LAWYER (a social lion).—Well, of course, ladies, if you really insist, I —

YOUNG GIRLS.—Oh, goody! Mr. Smack is going to do some feats of—tee-hee!—mind-reading.

LAWYER SMACK.—I will first attempt to tell any young man present the name of his future wife. (A bashful lout is dragged forward by a committee of his peers.) Well, young man, so you would like to know the name of your future wife? But first, what is your own name?

THE BASHFUL LOOT (doggedly).—Aw, you know good and well it's Elmer Spradley.

LAWYER SMACK.—Ah, yes! Exactly! Well then, the name of your future wife will be Mrs. Elmer Spradley.

YOUNG GIRLS.—Te-hee! hee! hee!



"Aw, you know good and well it's Elmer Spradley."

THE CYNIC.—And that ain't all he's been thinking!

(CLARENCE TANNEHILL sticks his head out of a window and begins howling like a wolf.)

Mrs. TITTLE.—Clarence Tannehill, don't do that!

LAWYER SMACK.—Now, ladies and gentlemen, with your kind—(The window falls on CLARENCE TANNEHILL'S neck, nearly decapitating him.)

OUR PASTOR (seriously, but inadvertently).—Hurrah!

THE CYNIC (judicially).—Stuff 's off!

CLARENCE TANNEHILL (yelling).—Aw, woo-hoo! hoo! hoo! Tried to kill me, sus-sus-so they did! Woo-hoo! hoo!

(Mrs. TITTLE floats out, after a constrained adieu, dragging CLARENCE along. General exodus. MR. and MRS. STANG retire.)

MR. STANG (viciously).—Stuffed and gone, hod-durn 'em!

MRS. STANG.—Ez-e-ra! How could you mortify me so?

MR. STANG (savagely).—Mortify the cat's foot! Hod-durn this collar! Betcha I'll never be ketched dead wearin' it ag'in!

Tom P. Morgan.

**A** woman's notion of manly power at its best is where her husband compels her to do what she wants to do, regardless of what she knows she ought to do.



#### IT'S BOUND TO COME.

SUFFRAGETTE (*to her husband*).—You see, dearest, the object of the game is to make as many runs as possible. There are three bases; first, second, etc., etc.

#### INDEPENDENCE DAY.

**T**HE butler and the lady's maid  
Have gone to see the big parade;  
The gardener, with step alert,  
Is marching in a scarlet shirt.  
The cook at dusk intends to go  
To see the pyrotechnic show;  
The driver of my car extends  
Its services to all his friends.  
While I to guard the home must stay  
For this is Independence Day!

Eunice Ward.

#### COULDN'T TELL.

WELL, WELL, neighbor Weaver, I see as how ye've got a new hired man over to your place," remarked Uncle Charlie Seaver, as he leaned over the pasture fence and accepted a chew from his friend's heart-case tobacco-pouch. "Somethin' peculiar about the way that feller walks. Is he mite lame?"

"Huh, ding-busted if I know whether the cuss's lame er not," ejaculated Mr. Weaver, expectorating into the pig-weed beside the fence. "To tell ye truth, neighbor Seaver, I never seen th' cuss move fast enough so's I could find out. Thet hired man may be lame in th' nigh leg, as ye say, but I guess we'll never know the truth. Huh!"



#### LET WELL ENOUGH ALONE.

TERRIER.—Why don't you get an air-cushion? They're great to sit on.  
PUG.—I never have felt the need.



Because they're mixed-to-measure, and their fine old liquors blended to exact proportions, CLUB COCKTAILS are always a better drink than any made-by-guesswork kind could ever be. CLUB COCKTAILS are doubly convenient—no fuss or trouble to prepare. Simply strain through cracked ice and you have the most delicious cocktail in the world, ready for instant use.

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#### NEARING THE BRINK.

HE (*feeling his way*).—I—I wish we were good friends enough for you to call me by my first name.

SHE (*helping him along*).—Oh, your last name is good enough for me!—*New York Weekly*.

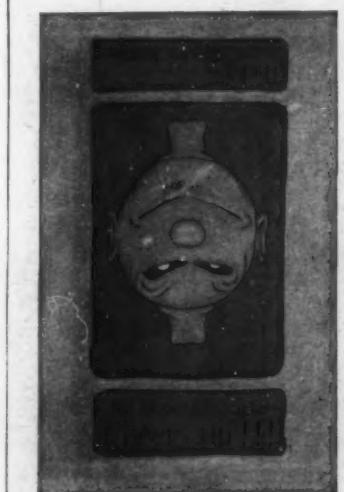
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SHE.—I heard you singing this morning.  
HE.—Oh! I sing a little to kill time.  
SHE.—You had a good weapon.—*Kansas City Journal*.



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## FOR MEN OF BRAINS *Cortez CIGARS* -MADE AT KEY WEST-

HE.—How is it you are always out when I call?  
SHE.—Just luck.—*Life.*

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# White Rock

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### A MORE PRACTICAL WAY.

It was the dreamy hour when the Sunday dinner, having been eaten, was doing its best to digest itself, and the girls were talking in the hushed tones appropriate to the occasion.

"I've just heard of a new charm to tell whether any one loves you, and if so, who it is," whispered Elsie.

"What is it?" queried Sophie, absently fingering her new diamond ring.

"Well, you take four or five chestnuts, name them each after some man you know, and then put them on the stove, and the first one that pops is the one that loves you."

"H'm," said Sophie. "I know a better way than that."

"Do you?"

"Yes, indeed. By my plan you take one particular man, place him on the sofa in the parlor, sit close to him with the light a little low, and look into his eyes. And then, if he doesn't pop, you'll know it's time to change the man on the sofa."—*Woman's Home Companion.*

### LIKE A BEE.

BLOBBS.—Why do you liken Harduppe to a busy bee? He isn't particularly industrious, is he?

SLOBBS.—Oh, no, it is not that, but nearly every one he touches gets stung.—*Philadelphia Record.*



### PROBABLY NOT.

SHE.—I suppose some people would say that we do just as wrong in chloroforming butterflies as those savage hunters do who kill lions.

HE.—I don't know about that. I'm sure I shouldn't have the heart to kill a lion.

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that Abbott's Bitters be used in making it; insures your getting the very best.

### SHIP TALK.

STEWARD.—The second breakfast is being served now, sir.

CABIN PASSENGER.—Good gracious! Why, I haven't had my first yet.

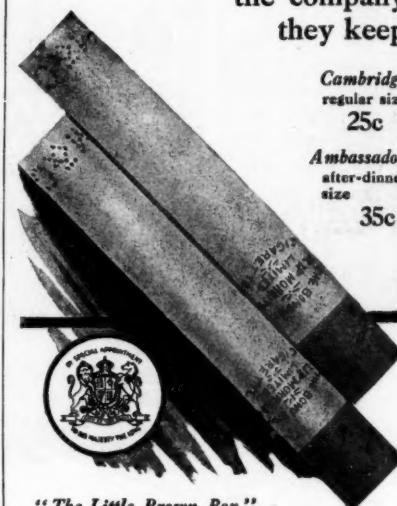
*Punch.*

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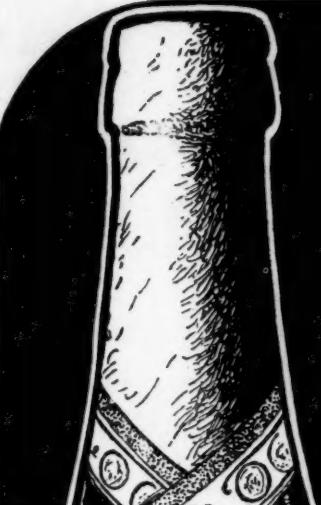
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# Miller

## HIGH LIFE

### Milwaukee's Leading Bottled BEER



#### HIS OPEN SESAME.

AS THE evening drew near on which the Hon. J. Orlando Overton was to address the "Young People's Progressive Association," that gentleman, an embryo attorney just out of college, rested in full confidence. He was sure that he had ability as an extempore speaker, and knew 'way down in his heart that on the momentous occasion the sincerity of the assembly would inspire profound words of wisdom. He prepared no set speech.

At last the evening of his opportunity arrived, and with stately strides the ambitious young attorney swept toward the hall. As he prepared to enter, J. Orlando read the sign on the door. In large black letters there it stood—his inspiration: "PUSH!" Why, to be sure! "PUSH!"—that thing which every man has to have and to do to get on in this world! "PUSH!" was what he had been using a whole year. He would write a book on the subject sometime. He had it—an appropriate text for this evening's momentous talk! "PUSH!"

The program progressed, and in due course of time "Mr. Overton, our young and promising attorney," was announced. With head high and chest expanded he arose, and with magnificent grandeur advanced toward his expectant audience. With a profuse bow he began his masterful discourse, and soon his youthful hearers were far up among the gold-and-silver-lined clouds. But all this time the orator kept the exact words of his text carefully in the back-ground. He was nearing his dramatic climax.

"My friends," he said "I am sure you realize the theme of my short and, I fear, too-poorly-expressed talk. It is that thing, necessary to all for success in life. Upon the door," he pointed, "upon the door, behold it in letters bold, distinct, unmistakable!" All eyes excitedly focussed on the door, for the climax had been well worked up. The sign read:

PULL!

Donald A. Kahn.

#### ADMINISTRATIVE NEGLECT.

THE TRANSIENT.—So you think the party in power is careless?

UNCLE EBEN ANDREW JACKSON.—You just bet I do! They're buildin' a State road from Frogtown to Killbuck Crossing, and there ain't been a sign of the President, or Vice-President, or any of the Cabinet around since the work was started two months ago!

#### A RURAL DICKER.



"WHAT you givin' for eggs to-day?"  
"Sixteen cents."

"That all?"

"That's the reg'lar market price."

"Mis' Jackman got eighteen cents for hers over at Lem Thompson's store yester-day."

"Mebbe Lem had a special order for 'em."

"You could n't make it seventeen?"

"I might if you took it out in trade."

"What would you say to half trade an' half cash?"

"Well, I couldn't go above sixteen an' a half cents then. Eggs is mighty plenty now. It's the layin' season."

"Still, they say eggs is skurce in the city at thutty cents a dozen."

"Yes, an' see what it costs to git em' there."

"You say you'll make it seventeen cents if I take it all out in trade?"

"I will, but I'll be losin' money on it."

"Oh git out! You ain't in the philanthropy bizness like Carnegie, an' Rockefeller, an' Mis' Sage. You'll make enough out o' them eggs at seventeen cents. What you sellin' sugar for?"

"Six cents a pound."

"They're only askin' five an' a half for it over at Mud River."

"They don't have to freight it as fur as I do. I'd be losin' money to sell it at six."

"How much is right good cheese?"

"Sixteen a pound."

"I did n't pay but fifteen for some I got here a few weeks ago."

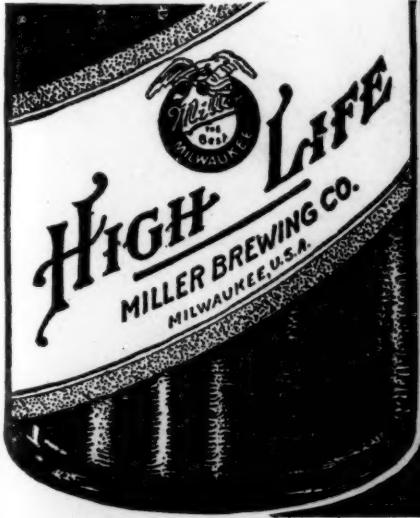
"Cheese has went up since then—like ev'rything else. Seems like ev'rything's riz of late."

"You bet they has. You goin' to allow me seventeen cents a dozen for them eggs?"

"Yes—in trade."

"Wal, I got an even' dozen. Put me up two pounds o' sugar an' give me the rest in your best cheese. My man wanted me to git half a pound of prunes, but it's mighty little us farmer folks kin spend for lux'ries. We have to pay too much to keep Taft an' his minions in lux'ries. I reckon they kin have prunes an' pie ev'ry meal. Lemme sample that cheese 'fore you cut mine off. I'm some fussy about my cheese."

C. C. C.



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### PSYCHOLOGY OF THE KITCHEN.

A woman of this city had to discharge her waitress and cook, who were sisters. She had occasion to call up the person through whom she had originally obtained these jewels. The latter said, laughing:

"I should like to tell you of the character that they gave you."

"Oh, do," said the other. "I insist."

"Well, the cook came to me at once. I don't think them people is married," she remarked. "No married man is that polite to his wife!"—*N. Y. Sun.*

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### NATURAL HISTORY.

"He says they're living together like a pair of turtle doves."

"Ya-as—snappin'-turtle doves!"

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